

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE GIRLS ENJOY  
UNIQUE EXERCISES.

General Lee's Daughter—The slaughter of the innocents—Care of infants in France—An opera company of her own—A visitor from Siberia.

A young lady who has attended all the local class day festivities tells me that those at Wellesley are the most picturesque. She finds the Wellesley "float" the prettiest thing in the way of a college celebration that has ever been invented. "You should have seen the crews out in their pretty boats and lovely suits Saturday night," she says; "they were too fetching for anything. The '92s had the most perfect stroke naturally, but the '94s won the most of the applause, because they looked so awfully pretty in their green jerseys and so thoroughly businesslike in their shells, all in a row, like a real Harvard varsity eight."

"Their boat, you know, isn't a perfectly orthodox shell; at the college they call them '94 on the half shell.' The crews went out soon after 6 o'clock. The shores of Lake Waban were already well lined with people—there are the most fascinating paths among the trees there, by the way, and the faculty don't pretend to be very sharp-eyed on that day—and when the girls went darting up and down on the water there was wild applause. There were actually more freshmen crews than you could count. And there was a genuine Venetian gondola sailing around there, with a genuine Venetian banana merchant to paddle it."

"Before it became dark the boats gathered together near the shore and the girls began to sing. Then the calcium lights were turned on them, and they became just angelic at once. They sang funny college words to good old tunes, and rah-rahed everybody, and some young men on the shore rah-rahed them, and it was too lovely for anything. They had beautiful fireworks all the time on a point of land just across the lake, and actually lighted little pots of fire in a row on the water! It was all impressively beautiful and romantic, only I can't say I really like those black mortar boards and gowns on the seniors. They are becoming enough, but they look so dreadfully clerical and solemn on young girls."—Boston Transcript.

## General Lee's Daughter.

Miss Mary Lee is one of the most interesting American women of the time. People who were invited to meet her at the residence of Colonel Richard Lathrop found a stately, gray-haired lady, with the manners of a court and the added charm of personal magnetism and intellectual culture. There is no educator like her, and Miss Lee has been one of the greatest travelers of her time, certainly the most distinguished of her country.

I know of no other American lady who has alone, save for her maid, penetrated into the remotest regions of Syria, Egypt, central and northern Europe and even the Isles of the far east. But Miss Lee's travels and adventures have been more venturesome and more fruitful than this cursory mention could indicate. Her grasp of person and mind fit her eminently for writing them, and, for all I know, she may already have the record in black and white. It ought to be good reading. The Lees, however, have all the modesty of our ancestors. They do not shrink from publicity, but withdraw themselves, rather, from allowing the crowd and contributing in any way to a spectacle.

There were five children of the great Confederate leader—George Washington Custis Lee, William H. Fitzhugh Lee, Robert Edward Lee, Jr., Mary Custis Lee and Mildred Lee. Of these three survive—George Washington Custis Lee, who is the president of the Washington and Lee university, the famous old Literary Hall school, at Lexington, Va., which was endowed by George Washington and became Washington college. Mary Lee, who has just now been visiting here, and Mildred Lee, a cultivated and distinguished lady who has, like her sister, preferred a single life. The sons of the family have been declared by contemporary critics to be inferior to the daughters in virility of intellect and force of character.—John A. Cockrell, in New York Recorder.

The Slaughter of the Innocents. Humming birds, kingfishers, orioles and other birds whose only cry is that they possess beautiful plumage are shot down in hundreds of thousands annually in accordance with the law of demand and supply so that their feathers may adorn the hats and bonnets or trim the dresses of ladies—many of whom have such highly susceptible feelings, such delicately strung nerves, that they would shudder if one crushed an insect in their presence, and would cover their eyes and utter agonizing, piercing screams at the sight of some mischievous schoolboy twirling the tail of a favorite cat. Nor do the plumes which a senseless, cruel fashion causes to meet our gaze everywhere—in the streets, in the theaters, even in places of worship—represent in any adequate degree the actual extent of carnage and cruelty requisite to supply feminine wants. Besides those birds whose plumage is in sufficiently good condition for subsequent use, a very much larger number are so much mangled as to be valueless, while a still greater proportion escape mortally wounded into the woods and thickets, there to die from loss of blood and starvation.

The white egret is so much worn in ladies' bonnets and hats at the present period as to be procured in warm climates under specially barbarous circumstances. The species of heron called egret, which furnishes them, is a very beautiful looking bird, lighter in build and more graceful than the heron met with in England and other northern countries. Its feathers are of a pure white, but

these plumes which find such favor in fashionable modistes' establishments grow only during the breeding season, when they drop from the back of the bird over its sides and tail. They are finest just about the time when the young egrets are fully fledged, but not yet able to fly, and it is then that the hunters are keenest in their pursuit of the parent bird. Not infrequently milliners have these feathers dyed in different colors, when they are commonly, though incorrectly, designated as "grey" plumes.—Hygiene.

## Care of Infants in France.

French statesmen are now turning their attention to the saving of the children, and some very stringent laws have recently been enacted. It is now forbidden, under severe penalties, for any one to give to infants under one year any form of solid food unless such is ordered by a written prescription signed by a legally qualified medical man. Nurses are also forbidden to use in the rearing of infants confined to their care, at any time or under any pretext whatsoever, any nursing bottle provided with a rubber tube.

A few weeks ago Dr. Lede, secretary of the superior committee for the protection of infants, was commissioned by the French minister of the interior to investigate and report on the various measures whereby the conditions of transport of sucklings sent from Paris into the provinces could be improved. Efforts are also being made to break up the system of baby farming, and to induce French or rather Parisian mothers to nurse their own children.

Much of this action by the authorities has been at the instance of the members of the Society for the Protection of Children, a comparatively recent organization, whose object is definitely expressed in its name. The president of this society is Dr. Rochard, who has preached the gospel of caring for infants for many years. He was one of the first to sound the alarm at the decreasing population of France, but for a long time his voice was like that of one crying in the wilderness. Only eight years ago, when in a public discourse he predicted that the population of France would be stationary before the end of the century, he was laughed at, and the press called him an alarmist. But his prediction as a true prophet has come even sooner than he anticipated.—Medical Journal.

An Opera Company of Her Own. They say in New Haven: where Miss Justine Ingersoll is recognized as a social leader, that the idea of producing comic operas in Connecticut towns by a company composed of local amateurs came to her in a pigpie. They say that the leaders of one social faction got up an amateur performance about a year ago and ignored Miss Ingersoll from sheer jealousy. They say that this angered her, and she vowed she would get up a company of her own and give an opposition performance. Being wealthy herself she avoided the great obstacle of securing a financial backer.

She canvassed New Haven from one end to the other to secure suitable members for her company, and when she had gathered half a hundred people together she began to train them. The principals of the company comprised the best actors of the city. The chorus was recruited from stores and shops. Miss Ingersoll secured an expensive musical director and a concert master and had a well known costume maker make the costumes and scenic artists paint the scenery. Everything was done on an elaborate scale and under Miss Ingersoll's own supervision.

When all was in readiness she advertised the show and all New Haven flocked to applaud it. The only part Miss Ingersoll reserved for herself was to direct it personally. She arranged all the details and managed the entire affair. During the performance she flitted among the boxes, all of which were filled with her society friends. The success of the undertaking was so marked and Miss Ingersoll's pleasure so great that she decided to keep the company together and to give performances for her own amusement. So she produced comic operas in the various cities of the state, traveling to and from New Haven by special train.—New York Evening Sun.

A Visitor from Siberia. A woman worthy to wear the mantle of Florence Nightingale has arisen. Her name is Kate Marsden, and the cable announces that she will reach our shores within the next few weeks. She comes well recommended to Americans, for the czar of all the Russias has personally received her and warmly praised her practical work and heroism. What has been her mission and how has she proved herself a heroine?

One year ago Miss Kate Marsden left her quiet English home to labor among the leper outcasts of Siberia, and since the martyr's mission of Father Damien awakened the world's applause no instance approaching his self sacrifice has been recorded unless it be the present one. During her visit to the scenes where the sufferers are enduring an existence much more terrible than death she has proved herself an angel of mercy in more ways than one.

Miss Marsden recently returned to St. Petersburg, intending to spend some time between that city and Moscow in order to raise further funds for the relief of the Siberian lepers. Her fame had already preceded her, so that in St. Petersburg alone, but in the storied capital of the ancient caesars—in the palaces of nobles as in the humblest quarters of those great cities—she was constantly mentioned in tones of reverence and love. In addition to soliciting charitable aid in St. Petersburg she also engaged in the organization of relief committees, so that the movement for succoring the lepers might become a permanent one.—New York Herald.

Rowing for Girls. If I knew a girl who was dull, heavy footed and heavier thoughted, with a blotched and muddy colored skin, who sometimes thought she wanted to be as

well as another girl, but did not do anything to reach it, my honest hope is I should put her in a rowboat in a shallow pond, place the oars in her hands and tell her to take care of herself. Unkind? I think not. I should have a long rope, you know, attached to the boat, one end in my hand. The position might frighten her a little at first, but the natural instinct to help herself would come to her aid, and then, too, rowing is not difficult to learn.

To most girls it comes as naturally as walking. They creep along the water, not far off shore, first with one oar, then trying two, keeping stroke for stroke, up and down, "catching crabs" occasionally, old Nip's proverb at being conquered by such a courageous piece of prettiness, and in the three or four attempts maybe the delightful sport is theirs. So this girl with the torpid liver and the lethargic feeling must be the gainer, for she has to think faster, she must move and breathe quicker in that unison of time kept by her fast impelled oars. How can such a girl long remain ill or stupid?—Ellen Le Garde in Ladies' Home Journal.

She Had a Mania for Pockets. Europeans have had a great deal to say about Miss Mary Pope, who recently died in Vienna, and whose eccentricities caused even the Austrians to hold up their hands. It seems that Miss Pope's most noticeable "eccentricity" was a wild yearning for pockets. She had them all around the hem of her dress and used them for various and startling purposes.

In one she carried her lunch and in another her dinner; the third secreted a salt cellar, while knives, forks, towels and medicine bottles found convenient resting places. Men may think that all this is funny, but women who wear bell skirts will have nothing but words of praise for the departed. Moreover, something has to be done for them, and it is very possible that they will be forced to follow Miss Pope's example.—Chicago Tribune.

## Miss Caldwell's Health.

Of the Miss Caldwell's, whose engagement to marry Prince Murat was broken off because of her refusal to satisfy his demands for money, we have heard. "Miss Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, one of the richest single women in America, is very ill with typhoid fever. The Florida water is credited with having given her the disease. She has recently returned from Florida. Miss Caldwell's fortune is estimated at several million dollars—\$10,000,000 or more, in fact. During the winter season Miss Caldwell usually divides her time between Washington and New York. She spends vast sums in charity."

The Academy Apron. A recent writer tells of the "academy apron," which comes from England and is specially valuable to art students. It has a full skirt gathered into a pointed tail, a full bodice shirred on to a high yoke, and high full sleeves, which are loose enough to slip over the sleeves of the dress. One or two large hip pockets may be added. Butcher's linen, or Holland, or, in fact, any wash material may be used in its making.

Her Line of Work. Mrs. Bryan, the wife of the young orator from Nebraska who made a sensation by a speech in congress, is a graduate of the law school and has been admitted to practice in the courts of her state. She no longer practices, however, and when asked to what branch of the profession she adheres she invariably replies, "Domestic relations."

Shrieking Ecstasies. In her recent lecture in Chicago on "The Influence of College Education upon Our Homes," Miss Alice F. Palmer suggested that nothing is so productive of aching hearts and heads as to be eternally bored. "And there is danger of that," she said, "in the shrieking ecstasy of an afternoon tea."

An Experiment. An experiment which a Boston dry goods house is trying is that of providing a huge hall and piano for the use of its employees. Two teachers of gymnastics have been secured, and daily, from 5 to 6 p. m., the girls are excused in relays to go through refreshing exercises.—New York Times.

The Co-operative Cooking club, of Junction City, Kan., is said to be a great success, and begins its second year with forty-four well satisfied families. Over \$5,000 was expended last year in table supplies, but fully \$2,500 was saved for the families as a whole.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has been invited to loan the original manuscript of "Robert Elsmere" for exhibition in the Woman's building at Chicago, and an effort is being made to secure from the heirs of Helen Hunt Jackson the manuscript of "Romona."

Cleanliness is truly "the great safeguard against all evils and all pests," and if the house is thoroughly cleaned just before it is left for the summer the work to be done in the autumn may be rendered much lighter and easier.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts has announced her intention of coming over here shortly for the purpose of taking a very active part in the organization of the women's department of the Chicago exhibition.

The first woman dentist in the world is said to be Mme. Hirschfeld, who afterward became dentist to the family of the late Emperor William. She is a graduate of Pennsylvania college.

In tea-cloths, traycloths, doilies and the thousand and one items which belong to a full outfit of table linen there is great opportunity for the display of individual taste.

Adelina Patti says that when she has left off singing she will take to acting. The theater goes of the Twentieth century may have a charming soubrette to admire.

## FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

The Electrical Cat. As a great deal of skepticism exists on the subject of electricity in cats, fur, it may be worth while to show how the effect may really be obtained. Let graymalkin be enticed to the hearth before a good fire and persuaded to get thoroughly warm on both sides, to which part of the treatment she will probably be more amenable than to the rest. Then take her into a dark



room and stroke her the right way, as usual, with a warm hand. Slight crackles will soon be heard, and pussy should then be suddenly stroked with the side of the hand backward from tail to head. This turns up the fur and enables the slight flash to be readily seen. A tractable cat does not mind this, and it is not in the least a painful or cruel experiment.

Two Brooklyn Boys. Two boys living in Brooklyn recently wrote to Secretary Tracy of the navy, telling of a scheme they had on hand. Part of their letter is given as follows: "We intend to make an expedition to the north pole. We believe that we will be successful if we are supplied with the following articles: A good supply of coal, food, clothing, and carpenter's, machinists' and engineers' tools. We would also like to have a mortar, many bombs, weapons of all kinds and plenty of ammunition. We would like to have two ships like either the Maine, Texas or Baltimore."

They had various other ideas in connection with the plan, which they explained to the secretary, but the government will not be able to attend to the matter at present. There is plenty of time, however, for the scheme to be considered, as the boys do not intend to go until they have come of age, and the eldest of the two is now only thirteen.—Harper's Young People.

Shetland Ponies. The smallest pony in the world is to be found at the well known Shetland pony farm of the Marquis of Londonderry, on the island of Bressay. It is a little colt foal that weighed but sixteen pounds and was only nineteen and a half inches high at its birth. It is perfectly healthy, well formed animal. The great object of the breeders of Shetland ponies is to keep down the size of the animals. The price increases in inverse ratio to size. This is partly from fancy and fashion, and partly because the smaller the ponies the better fitted for working in the seams of coal in the mines where they find their chief usefulness.—New York Sun.

Good Manners of Little People. "Father, you are tired. I'll run up stairs for that coat you want." "Here's The Companion, Jack. I know you are dying to read the rest of that continued story, so I'll wait, though it is my turn this week to have the paper first." "Help you stem the champagne, mother?" "Why, of course I will. This letter can keep until afterward easily enough."

Chance phrases, these, from the home language of good manners.—M. D. Sterling in Good Housekeeping.

A Very Polite Little Boy. He was a very polite, nice little boy, and he had always been taught not to make derogatory remarks on his food. His politeness was sorely tried one day when they had a most especially tough chicken for dinner. He patiently struggled with an unconquerable drumstick for five minutes or so, and then he looked up and said in a mild and polite little voice, "Papa, I think whoever made this chicken made him very well."—Boston Commonwealth.

Little Edith and the Chickens. Little Edith, not yet two years old, was fond of trying to button mamma's shoes. One day the chickens were too friendly and mamma cried: "Shoo, chicken! Shoo." Little Edith caught up the buttonhook and ran after them, saying, "Button my schicky's shoe!"—Youth's Companion.

A Cradle Made by the Bland. Queen Victoria is a firm believer in the old superstition that anything made by a blind person is sure to bring good luck, and has had the cradle for the latest Battenberg baby made and furnished throughout in the most elegant manner by blind men and women.—Baby.

Dolly and the Fourth. My Dolly went to the Fourth of July—My Dolly should have allowed her—We both were careless, Dolly and I. And came too close to the powder. I don't know how it happened myself—I was something about the fuses. But Dolly and I were laid on the shelf With blisters and bumps and bruises.

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